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SUNDAY, AUGUST 7, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the
city, either for a short or long
stay—whether they go to mountain
or seashore, or even across the sea—
should not fail to order The
Washington Herald sent to them
by mail. It will come regularly,
and the addresses will be changed
as often as desired. It is the home
news you will want while away
from home. Telephone Main 3300,
giving old and new address.

The Beauty of Conscience.

When, inspired by high ideals, men
seek to attain lofty aims, it is curious to
note how often they feel that a burden is
laid upon them to make the world and
their neighbors good. It is infinitely more
important, we are sure, that a man should
make himself good. In that he will find
a task that shall call forth all his powers;
shall test him to the marrow.

In the great strife for goodness—the
impulse is strong within us all—how
much less often that we should do
credit our consciences for holding us,
more or less firmly, in the paths of duty
and virtue. Most of us are rebels at
heart against the conventions, and faint
would sail at times upon the sea of our
desires. Often we are inclined to believe
that if it were not for what the world
might say about it we should throw off
the shackles of duty and forget our ob-
ligations and convention for a while, giving
ourselves up to sheer pleasure, reck-
less of the cost. But all the while there
is that one thing, within ourselves, that
holds us to the line—conscience.

"Conscience is harder than our enemies,
knows more, accuses with more alacrity."
as George Eliot said. Friend and enemy
alike may cease their watchfulness; the
beauty of conscience is that it never
sleeps, nor will it let us stray from the
hard paths of rectitude without giving us
a prod. Conscience is the faithful sentinel
keeping us from remorse, guarding us
from ill, and punishing us if we fail.

"There is no future past
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
He deals on his own soul."

It was Joseph Cook who wrote:
"There is a spectacle grander than the
ocean, and that is the conscience. There
is a spectacle grander than the sky, and
that is the interior of the soul. To write
the poem of human conscience were the
subject of only one man, and he the
lowest of men, would be reducing all
epic poems into one sublime and final
epic. It is no more possible to prevent
thought from reverting to an ideal than
the sea from returning to the shore."

What health is to the human body, a
good conscience is to the soul. It so
guards us and wards us back from the
worst part of our own natures as to make
life serene; and a tender conscience does
much to protect us against the calamities
and afflictions that lie in wait to beset us.

Often times the individual, galled by
what seem to be the chains of the con-
ventions, longs to break them; to get away;
to follow blindly, and regardless of the
cost, the call of the desire; to drop the
humdrum of every day, and to sail off
on the sea of pleasure and self-grati-
fication, reckless, audacious, and careless.
In truth, it is not altogether fear of the
consequences that holds us back; it is
conscience, that "still, small voice,"
that insists not only that we mean well,
but that we shall with all our strength
strive to attain the best that is possible.
It is the beauty of conscience that it re-
quires us, as Joseph Cook said in one of
his Boston Monday night lectures, not
only to follow all the light we have, but
to do so with glad hearts and grateful
spirits.

"O conscience, conscience, man's most faithful friend,
Him cannot thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;
But, if he will thy friendly checks forgo,
Thou art, oh, how for him, his deadliest foe!"

It is, indeed, only through our con-
science that we come to realize that we
must answer for what we are, what we
do, what we intend. No sophistry can
cheat us; no example of the wicked, suc-
cessful in high places, can lead us
astray. In the sanctuary of our own
hearts we all know that, largely speak-
ing, happiness is won only through good-
ness; sorrow comes to us through evil.
As Shakespeare says:

"The web of our life is of a mingled
yarn, good and ill together; our virtues
would be proud if our faults whipped
them not out, and our crimes would
despair if they were not cherished by
our virtues."

And this remains: That nothing on this
earth is surer than the fact that with
an unquiet conscience happiness is not
possible. Life, to be bearable, must be
good, and in being good we must incor-

porate beauty and love and the finer
graces to which the touch of sin is fatal.
"Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
Living together under the same roof.
And never can be sundered without tears.
And he that shuts out Love, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in utter darkness. Not for this
Was common day taken from the common earth,
Modelled by God, and tempered with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man."

From "Hoop" to "Hobble."

The man who invented the ancient and
all but forgotten hoopskirt passed to his
reward a few days ago. He was ninety-
one years of age at the time of his pass-
ing, and we hope his reward is some-
thing pleasant. There is no evidence in
existence tending to show that he ever
committed any other crime than the one
primarily recorded herein, so we shall
presume that he repented in sackcloth
and ashes, and that at the last he went
where the good inventors go.

The hoopskirt was not, properly speak-
ing, an invention so much, perhaps, as it
was the result of an evolution run to
seed. The original idea probably was
commendable enough, and was conceived
of an effort to put grace, symmetry, and
appeal into woman's garb. The first ef-
fects must have been exceedingly grati-
fying, because the suggestion was pushed
so rapidly to a grotesque and unreason-
able extreme. That seems to be the road
along which so many embryonic good
things in feminine fashions finally—and,
generally, very rapidly—travel. It was
so with the bustle and the big sleeve—
worthy sartorial hints originally, we feel
sure.

As woman once upon a time indulged
herself in the apparently ultimate foolish-
ness of the hoopskirt, so to-day she seems
determined to indulge herself in the
surely extreme silliness of the "hobble"
skirt. Inevitably the "hobble" skirt must
be, in freakish fashion's concluding word. It
is the limit of ugliness, coupled with
exclusive attributes of awkwardness. To
say that a woman possibly may contrive
to be comfortable in a "hobble" skirt is
to say that which is so palpably false
that it could not deceive the most credu-
lous of mortals. To say that a woman
possibly may suspect that she wears a
"hobble" skirt to the enhancement of
her personal appearance is to slur her
intelligence in a manner that could not
be considered either gentlemanly or gal-
lant. She knows that she is outlandishly
garbed when she comes forth bedecked
with "hobble" skirt attachments. Those
women who wear them merely wear them
because they feel that a fashion, no mat-
ter how ridiculous, must be followed, re-
gardless.

We predict that the "hobble" skirt fad
will not last long, nevertheless. It may
be a prediction born of a robust hope
that will not be denied, but we venture
it, anyway.

The Servant Girl Problem.

The servant girl problem, like the poor,
we have always with us, but the sub-
ject has recently come prominently to
public attention through the published
statement that "Maine wants 10,000 girls
at once." As an inducement it is pointed
out that Maine needs household help,
where the wages offered are better than
those paid in factories or offices.

Unfortunately, the problem of secur-
ing a sufficient supply of household help
is something more than a problem in
economics. Out of many considerations
involved, that of the wages to be earned
is probably the last considered. To a
great many young women no money
compensation is sufficient to make them
bear with equality the title of servant.
Of course, it is all wrong, and the sup-
posed degradation that comes with house-
hold work is simply emotional, imaginary,
but the feeling is so ingrained, so deep-
rooted, that it will probably be years be-
fore it is eradicated in this country.

Year after year girls from the country
enter the cities and take positions in
stores as clerks or in factories as em-
ployees, or as "salesladies" or some other
title that means nothing else than that
they are servants—yes, indeed, we all are.
The girl in the factory gets a meager
wage, generally, and has to spend most
of it for her board and lodging, and her
economic position is not nearly so good as
that of a faithful domestic helper who
gets quite as large an actual wage and in
addition secures a good home, good food,
and, often, some of her clothes. But the
trouble is that the latter girl is a servant,
and the sting of the name seems to over-
balance all the advantages of place.

But if they only knew it, the girls who
are seeking employment would, most of
them, be much better off in domestic
service than elsewhere. The servant's po-
sition, too, has greatly improved in recent
years, and domestic service is coming to
be something of a science. Yet girls will
not fit themselves for it, though by so
doing they could command higher wages
than they get now, and could, by the
quality of service they render, dignify it.
If domestic servants could only be made
to realize that we are all servants, from
the President of the United States down,
that fact would go a long way toward
the solution of the problem. But per-
haps this is too much to expect. The
problem comes about through false no-
tions of dignity, through false pride; and
until these are removed by education, it
seems likely that the servant girl prob-
lem will remain unsolved.

The Marines and Congress.

The troubles of the Marine Corps, as a
result of a naval court of inquiry call-
ing into the censure of high ranking
officers on duty at the headquarters in
Washington and the detachment of those
officers from station here and assign-
ment to duty at a distance, promise to
furnish a sequel by having the affairs of
the organization and the destinies of
some of its officers brought before Con-
gress.

It is understood that the officers who
are most adversely affected by the dis-
ciplinary measure are disposed to regard
themselves as unjustly treated, if not
actually the objects of departmental out-
rage and cruelty, yet it is difficult to find
a logical claim for Congressional inter-
cession. Of course, much can be done by
personal and political pull and by the
application of the right sort of pressure
upon the executive branch; but the in-
vestigation appears to have been as im-
partial as it was profitably searching.

There is no one who understands the
situation of the Marine Corps who would
doubt for a moment that there was
necessity—and urgent necessity, at that—
for a change.

Incidentally, something should be done,
now that the government is in a reform-
atory mood, to regulate official inspec-
tions, especially in the army and navy.
Officers are found journeying to attrac-
tive localities at certain seasons of the
year, and in some instances the ostensi-
ble occasion is so palpably a trivial ex-
cuse for a personal excursion as to be,
aside from its expense, a joke.

Coming back to the Marine Corps situ-
ation, those who now entertain a griev-
ance will probably realize, before Con-
gress comes together again in December,
that there is very little to be said in
behalf of the Marine Corps situation to
justify Congressional action. It is hardly
the occasion for an investigation by Con-
gress, and assuredly the President has
the authority to order officers here and
there upon whatever duty he wishes to
employ them, regardless of their own de-
sires or preferences, or their own con-
ception of what is "just" to them. If it
were not so, the military-naval personnel
would be "running the President," and
there would be a spectacle of insubordi-
nation which would make the late Marine
Corps administration appear as a model
of obedience.

It is dangerous for Congress to meddle
with affairs of service administration.
The population of Oklahoma has in-
creased 50 per cent within the past ten
years. Oklahoma is showing Nevada how
a new State really should grow up with
the country.

If your soul is athirst for complete
knowledge of exactly what is what in the
coal business, cheer up! The colonel has
just finished a forty-eight hours' inspec-
tion of the mines, and will tell all about
it presently.

And now comes a physician, saying that
the bookworm is "a blessing in disguise."
If blessings must come in disguises, they
should select more pleasing styles.

Texas should refrain from lynching ne-
groes in bunches. That is an Ohio in-
novation.

Denying the allegation is the fad of the
moment, thanks to one Senator Gore, of
Oklahoma.
Rose Stahl says the acting in the Ober-
ammergau "Passion Play" is pretty bad.
Evidently, the box office has been cut-
ting entirely too much figure in Oberam-
mergau this year.

Those Tennesseans seem to have run
"Ham" through the meat grinder, all
right.

A Savannah paper thinks some of the
Democratic fights down South are so
bitter that they may mean increased Re-
publican Congressional representation
from that section in Congress. One can
conceive of worse things happening in
the South.

The White House has been equipped
with lightning rods, at last. When Mr.
Roosevelt occupied it, he simply defied
the lightning.

The Hon. Robert Love Taylor, of sun-
ny Tennessee, who started out pro-Pat-
erson and soon changed to anti-Pat-
erson, seems to have been correct when he
recently thought he saw the skies falling.

"Ohio is the battle ground this year of
Titanic forces," says the Hon. Nicholas
Longworth. The compliment to Mr. Har-
mon was quite unintentional, presum-
ably.

A gentleman named Green advocates
the accumulation of a fund of \$1,000,000
"for the purpose of preventing a monop-
oly of the air." Cheer up, however! Con-
servatism of the air is not apt to become
a political issue soon.

A number of cities cherish the ambi-
tion to be "the city beautiful of Amer-
ica"—that is, to be like Washington.

There are twelve members of the pres-
ent Congress who have not thus far in-
troduced a bill or resolution of any kind.
A great many members have made worse
records.

If it were not for its oft-demonstrated
ability to achieve the impossible, we
should say it would be found utterly im-
possible for the Republican party to get
itself together in time to save its face
in November.

"What is the matter with the corn
pone?" inquires the Savannah Press.
Nothing whatever, so long as the butter-
milk holds out.

It is doubtful whether Col. George Har-
vey was especially surprised when the
Rooseveltian degree of Annapolis was con-
ferred, however. He has been brazenly
inviting it for quite a while.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Imperialism and the Ant.
From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
The Philippine anti-imperialist is to be im-
ported from the house fly. Is this to be a part
of the policy of "imperialism?"

A Sign of Prosperity.
From the Wall Street Journal.
Many of the statements made as to the country's
wealth seem to reduce themselves to the illumi-
nating fact that if the people have plenty of money
they will be prosperous.

Democratic Landslide Predicted.
From the Nashville American.
Statistics show that the South has 1,500,000 acres
more in corn this year than last. According to
the old-time stumpers, corn is convertible into the stuff
that makes Democrats.

Is This an Insinuation?
From the Baltimore American.
The President's message, it is announced, will
cover fourteen live subjects. And he will say what
he has to say in about as many pages. Mr. Taft
talks short and to the point.

Didn't Know He Was Sick.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
By way of Houston comes a rumor that Frank
Hitchcock is to leave the Cabinet soon. What? He
seemed in good health the last time he had his
picture taken for publication.

Mr. Taft Wants Plain Truth.
From the Detroit Free Press.
Mr. Taft wants the reporter to describe his golf
playing just as it is and not flatter him. We may
look for this some day: "Mr. Taft addressed the
club eloquently, but his driving was punk."

Engallant Uncle Sam.
From an Exchange.
Uncle Sam wants a lot of typists, but specifies
that these must be male. Uncle does not mean to
be ungallant, but the matter rests on a business
basis. The feminine typist is faster to see than the
male, but he is kind, but less amenable to discipline,
posts at leisure, takes refuge in tears, and at the
most inopportune time for the public interest gets
married.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MIGHT SAVE TROUBLE.
As to my wealth, I shook my head,
I feared my heirs could not agree.
"The coin's all right," my lawyer said.
"Leave that to me."

The heirs will squabble more or less;
Who'll get the coin I can't foretell.
Leave that to him? I rather guess
I might as well.

A Fashionable Resort.
"I call the ocean rather stupid. The
waves do nothing but dance all day
long."
"They have their limitations," growled
her husband. "Did you expect them to
play bridge?"

Motoring Through Europe.
We couldn't glance at fleeing France;
We hoped to break the record. It may
be fine along the Rhine; I know we tied
the record. The Balkans were a passing
blur; we got behind the record. But,
striking Spain, we made a gain: 'twas
there we smashed the record.

Rich Richard's Almanac.
An acquaintance is a man who will do
you a favor; a friend is a fellow that
you have to help.

Never Come Singly.
Pleasure bats in manner tame,
Runs a base or two and quits.
Trouble mostly wins the game;
Trouble loves to bunch its hits.

Vacation Advice.
It is all right to hug a delusion, but
you needn't necessarily get engaged.

On the Beach.
"If you see a floating object of green-
ish hue, it may be a lump of ambergris,"
"I know," said the old boatman. "I
have investigated thousands of those
greenish lumps. They're mostly decayed
watermelons."

Easy Shopping.
"It is all foolishness to say a woman
can't buy cigars."
"What's your method?"
"I take along a sample stump. I have
no trouble in matching the shade."

STORE ETIQUETTE.

**The Village Merchant Always Con-
sidered Demands of Hospitality.**
From Youth's Companion.

The summer visitor in a small seaport
town was amazed and amused at the
assortment of merchandise displayed in
the little store at the head of the wharf.

The showcase was devoted to an as-
sortment of candy at one end and a lot
of cigars and tobacco at the other end,
and no barrier between. Next to the
showcase stood a motor engine valued at
several hundred dollars.

Thinking to please the proprietor, the
visitor remarked that even the large de-
partment stores in Boston could not
boast of such a collection.

"Well," he said, "I ain't aping them
stores, I can tell you. I aim to keep
what my folks want. When a man
wants an engine for his boat, and if he
fishes he's running he can't wait to send
'way to Portland or Boston for it. He
wants it when he does, then and there."
After a little pause he continued: "I
don't like the way they do business in
them big stores, anyway. Why, when
you go into a store up to Boston the first
thing you know somebody asks you what
you want."

If a man never do anything like that,
if a man comes into my place I pass the
time of day and ask him to set, and after
he's set and talked a while if he wants
anything he'll tell me. I never pester a
man to buy. Maybe he ain't come to
buy; maybe he's come to talk."

FAVORITE FOOD OF SOUTH.

**Many Uses of Okra—Where the
Wholesome Herb Is Grown.**
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The famous gumbo, or gombo, of the
Southern States and of the Southern hemi-
sphere, particularly of the Western hemi-
sphere, is really a nickname for okra, or
okra as it is sometimes spelled, for while
the dish is composed of several and vary-
ing ingredients, okra is the foundation,
the body, and likewise furnishes the
"fill," the remaining component parts
being so blended with it that they lose
their individuality in its all pervading
mucilaginous beginning and end, beguil-
ing and delicious from first to last.

The okra is known botanically as the
Hibiscus esculentus, being a near relative
of the flowering hibiscus, whose brilliant
blossoms are so familiar to the old fash-
ioned hollyhock, tootsome marshmallow,
and the all conquering cotton.

In the tropics, okra seeds, matured and
dried, are cooked very much as is barley
in Northern climates. The mucilage of
the roots is said to be free from the
slightest odor and perfectly white when
powdered, superior to even the powder
of the marshmallow, and around Constan-
tinople the okra is much cultivated for
the root powder as a base of confections.

Medicinally the root, made into a do-
cution, is given to allay irritation and
inflammation internally, and parts of the
plant made into poultices to apply ex-
ternally. As food this mucilaginous qual-
ity (the gomme) renders the plant of
much value. It is so easily digested, so
acceptable to all the organs which take
up, disintegrate, and distribute food
through the system that it may be read-
ily understood why it has become such a
favorite in the tropics, where heaviness
is instinctively avoided in form of nourish-
ment.

Its simplicity and wholesomeness, strong
individuality and claim upon all of com-
monplace tastes, the Orient tropics in
general, the south of Europe, and our
own country make it indeed worthy of
interest and investigation.

WIND IN THE LEAVES.

The wind that moves among the leaves
Is some slim maiden none perceives.
Who tremors her magic weaves
And dances.

You hear her sigh, as soft as thine;
And then the silent swirl of leaves,
Fluttered along the forest's eaves,
Entrances.

She leaves and whispers in the ear
Of every wild flower something dear—
How to protect their hearts from fear
Of dying.

Then takes the thistle's feathery sphere
And glimmers it across the mere,
Or on a cypress, trailing clear,
She flies.

The butterfly, that comes and goes,
She tows on the wildflower rose;
And, standing shy on elfin toes,
She leaves.

The coy bird that whines; then flows
Into each bud till wide it grows;
And swift she flutters that in it grows
She flies.

Then, ferry-boat, away she trips,
Wind perching on her wildflower lips.
To where, with twinkling fingertips,
Day's daughter.

Dusk, waits her where the silence drips;
There from her gown of light she slips,
And with the star of twilight dips
She flies.

—Madison Cawton, in the Outlook.

DAILY BOOK REVIEW

CALIFORNIA ISLANDS.

It has been remarked that enthusiasm
and special knowledge are the bases upon
which is built the art of conversation.
So, too, with literature; and one is some-
times moved to marvel at the distance
which these qualities will carry an other-
wise commonplace writer. Mr. Charles
Frederick Holder is a case in point. He
has just published still another volume
upon the joys of big game fishing off the
coast of California; and he seems neither
to feel any weariness of the subject on
his own part, nor to apprehend the ted-
iousness of his devotion to be paralleled
only by that of his railroad guide-book.
We are bound to say that the locality and
the sport are indeed fascinating subjects,
and that Mr. Holder has not worn out his
talent for communicating his enthusiasm.
This last volume, it is true, deals with a
special phase of the matter, and is called
"The Channel Islands of California." These
islands abound in ruins and remains
of great interest to the ethnologist,
and for the most part, it is rather en-
tertaining to read of them. Most important
of all to Mr. Holder and his fellow-placat-
orialists, however, is the fact that they af-
ford a convenient base of operations
against the tuna, the yellow tail, the
sword fish, the shark, and the great sea
bass. Anglers, tourists, and all lovers of
the open will read his volume with pleasure.
(Chicago: A. C. McClurg Company.)

JOHN HOLDEN.

"John Holden, Unionist," by T. C. De
Leon, is not a labor novel as one might
suppose from the title, but an entertain-
ing story of a peculiar phase of the civil
war. The hero is a "unionist" because
though living below the Mason and Dixon
line he is loyal to the North, partly
because of a fanatical hatred of the war
and partly because his son, who had de-
serted for the Confederate army, loses
his life for the Union.

Mr. De Leon's story is a rather en-
tertaining one, but it is not a labor novel,
and for the most part, it is rather en-
tertaining to read of them. Most impor-
tant of all to Mr. Holder and his fellow-placat-
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Notes of the Books.
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown, the au-
thors of "The Duke's Price," left re-
cently to spend the summer in England,
where Mr. Brown expects to try some
of the famous golf links. The autumn
they plan to spend in Paris and the
winter in Italy. They will be away for
about a year.

Louis Joseph Vance, who wrote "The
Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," "The
Fortune Hunters," and a host of other
widely read novels, begins his latest
story in the August month-end Popular.
It is the narrative of a wealthy man
imprisoned for another's crime, who,
later, is pardoned, and emerging from
his cell finds that the woman he loves has
eloped with the man responsible for his
imprisonment. It is a breezy, colorful
story, with most of the scenes laid on
an island off the coast of New England.

The oft-repeated story of Washington's
profanity at the battle of Monmouth is
strongly denied in Marion Harland's
autobiography, and upon the best au-
thority—Stirling Smith by name, who was
uncle to Marion Harland's grandfather. "He
did not swear," the old war horse would
thunder with irrelevant youngsters re-
telling the slander in his hearing. "I was
close behind him and I can tell you, sir,
we rode fast—when what should we meet
running away likey-split, from the field
of battle, with the British almost at their
heels, but General Lee and his men. Then,
with that, says General Washington, speak-
ing out loud and sharp—says he, 'General
Lee in God's name, what is the meaning
of this ill-timed prudence?' Now, you see,
General Lee, he was mighty high-spirited. So
he speaks up as he says, 'I know of no one
who has more of that most damnable virtue
than your excellency.' So, you see,
young man, it was General Lee that
swore and not General Washington. Don't
you ever let me hear that lie again!"

Still a Useful Animal.
From the Kansas City Star.
Yesterday's receipts of 221 carloads of
hay in Kansas City, twenty-six cars of
oats, and sixty-five cars of corn indicate
that the motor car has not put the horse
entirely out of business.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

The War Department Created August 7.

The War Department, as an executive
agency of the government of the
United States, was established by an act
of Congress on August 7, 1898. The Sec-
retary of War ranks third among the
Cabinet members in the line of suc-
cession to the Presidency. He has charge
of all matters relating to military affairs,
subject to the direction of the President;
the distribution of stores, the Signal
Service, the survey and improvement of
harbors, and the administration of the
insular possessions.

The Secretary of War is required to
make an annual report of the conduct
of the department, showing the number
and distribution of the military forces,
together with a statement of the ex-
penditures, of contracts for supplies and
services, river and harbor improvements,
the administration of the insular terri-
tories, &c.

The business of the department is dis-
tributed among a number of subdivi-
sions, each of which is under the
supervision of a chief and under the
general supervision of the Chief of Staff.